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THE LIFE

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MARTIN RICHARD KEHOE,

(AS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,)

WHO SUFFERED THE EXTREME PENALTY OF THE LAW, BY HANGING
AT TORONTO JAIL, MONDAY, DECEMBER 4TH, 1854, FOR THE

ALLEGED MURDER OF HIS WIFE ELLEN KEHOE

*"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red in the cup; at the last it biteth like a serpent,
and stingeth like an adder."*

Printed from the Original Manuscript, (in possession of the Publishers)
handed to them by Kehoe.

PRICE 7½d.

TORONTO:

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INTRODUCTION.

In placing before the public the leading incidents in the life of the unhappy man, who has so lately paid the penalty of his crimes, we are influenced by a deep and earnest wish to set before the readers, in the clearest manner, the inevitable consequences of an abandonment of that legacy of faith left to erring sinners by an expiring Saviour. The career of Kehoe furnishes a most melancholy instance of the consequences which surely follow a deviation from the right path, and we earnestly trust that his fate may prove a warning to all, and prompt them to pray, even as Kehoe did before the last awful scene, "Deliver me from blood guiltiness, O God."

Born of respectable parents, it will be seen by Kehoe's life that, while under the purifying influence of a Christian mother's example, and faithful in the observance of his religious duties, he prospered in his worldly affairs, and, still greater blessing, was even made the humble instrument of leading back to the fold a stray sheep. It will be further seen that the holy maxims of religion once lost sight of, no solid foundation of virtue remained, and that he speedily forfeited that name by which his Father in Heaven could recognise him as his heir.

Well then will it be for all ye who read this brief sketch to ponder well on your besetting sins, and to pray earnestly to Him from whom no secrets are hid, that sin gain not in your souls the mastery over principle, and lead you finally to destruction.

Manifest, however, as were Kehoe's transgressions it is truly

consoling to know that the purifying influences of religion softened his heart, and restored him to the Church before his execution. Wonderful indeed are the ways of Providence. And although, on Kehoe's first admission to the Jail, it might almost have been considered, from his conduct, that he was the God-forsaken criminal who had committed the "sin unto death," yet it pleased the Almighty in his boundless mercy to redeem the sinner, enlighten his soul, and restore him to the inheritance of grace which he had forfeited.

Kehoe gives a plain unvarnished statement of the principal acts of his life, and the sketch is interesting from the lesson which must be gleaned from it, that even he who has raised the standard of rebellion against God's holy kingdom, may still, through God's grace, have his soul restored to the love and friendship of its Maker, and become an eternal heir of his Heavenly Father, who prepares for his children a mansion "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

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THE LIFE AND DYING DECLARATION
OF
MARTIN RICHARD KEHOE

WHO WAS EXECUTED IN TORONTO, ON THE 4th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1854,

FOR THE ALLEGED MURDER OF HIS WIFE, ELLEN KEHOE,

Written by Himself in the Gaol of Toronto, in November, 1854.

I was born at Hull, Yorkshire, England, July 18th, 1812. My parents were from the Province of Leinster, Ireland. My father, being a non-commissioned officer in His Majesty's service, was stationed at Hull, which was the cause of my birth there. After some time, his regiment was ordered to Ireland, and in the year 1821, which time is the nearest I can remember, I find my father appointed a staff-sergeant stationed at Carlow, and keeping tavern, as men attached to the staff are not obliged to reside in barracks. I was then nine years old, and going to school; as my father, being a good and pious man, was determined that all his children should have a regular share of education. I was a wild boy in my juvenile days, but much brighter with regard to intellect than the younger members of our family. When I was considered inclined to take a trade, I was sent to the metropolitan city, Dublin, where I was apprenticed, in the year 1830, to learn the art of a boot and shoe maker, as in Dublin there are in all branches of trade good mechanics in general. This was my parent's idea of sending me there. Having had a good taste for my trade, I made wonderful progress at it; and although Dublin is a place where boys have an opportunity of mis-spending their time, I must admit that, even at the age of twenty, I was of a retired disposition. Wishing to mix with little society, my mind appeared to be much upon my work.

Having served five years, and my time being up, I received my indenture; and with only one exception, I never fell out with my master during my apprenticeship. The day I was out of my time, I sailed for Liverpool. Being a young traveller, I found the passage a very severe one. I thought, had I been on shore again I would not mind tramping across the deep waters of the sea, at least until the beautiful summer's sun would set in; although being a perfect stranger, and it raining torrents from the heavens, I soon found a friend when I landed, although I was not looking at the time for one; but our blessed Lord always sends some good person to direct the stranger on the right road, particularly when applied for in a proper way.

I got along wonderfully well, was a very temperate man. During the time I remained in Liverpool, I was never the slightest intoxicated from liquor. I saved some money; and one thing in me from a boy, I always kept good hours, and always condemned those who did not correspond with their parents, which I did regularly, and which I think all children are bound to do.

I find that in October, 1835, my father was to be superannuated and retire on his pension, after a service in the British army of thirty-nine years and eight months, being then the oldest sergeant in the service. He wished me to come and see him, as he had some business to settle with me. Having had my book cleared up, I sailed again for the Emerald Isle. I stopped in Dublin merely to see some shopmates, and proceeded on to Carlow, which is only forty miles distant from Dublin. On my arrival there, I met with the usual hospitality displayed in such cases by fond and good parents. After remaining here some time, and arranging family matters, it was the wish of my father that I would live with his family in Dublin, knowing that I and my younger brother, who had been just out of his time at the same trade I worked at myself, that we would be likely to reside in the city, as wages was best there, he having two younger boys whom he wished us to teach. At the close of the year 1835 I proceeded to Dublin, with a view of making arrangements for the comfort of my aged parents, and for the benefit of my younger brothers. On my arrival in the city, which I knew well, I met with two shopmates whom I knew.

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I invited them to drink, as I was going to have some myself. We had more than was necessary of that cursed and soul-destroying draught. Having laid my purse on the table, while speaking on a subject, I forgot it was not in its proper place; and I, on missing it, looked for and found it, in my act of doing so, my two companions decamped with its contents. Here I found the deception of man; but could only make the best of it. I was like a bird sitting on a branch then, without money, as all I had the purse contained. However, I soon found a friend who made all right. I went to work, and in one week had the family settled in Dublin. We were very happy indeed, and lived so until the following year. It pleased Almighty God to call my good father to Himself. His loss was both felt and regretted, as he was a man beloved by all creeds and sects. I was then the charge of an aged mother and a young family. Knowing the temptations which prevail in a city, I was determined to take my charge as much as possible under my own eye, and my business is always a sure snare for Satan, I had them all to follow at my own trade. I now drank little, worked hard and kept late hours; and, I hope in my good Master, done my duty as a son and brother to those intrusted to my charge. In the year 1839, my two younger brothers took an idea of the army; and, to use a common phrase—persuade a boy against his will, he is of the same opinion still—having remonstrated with those boys, I found they were determined for to join the army. They made application to General Blakeny, K.C.B., and were immediately ordered to join the band of the 92d Highlanders, then stationed at Malta, Mediterranean Sea.

Those lads were a material loss to me, as they were promising good boys at their trade; but I still had with me a good and dutiful brother, next to me in age, and superior in abilities. We worked together, and lived in the richest contentment. My sister, a young woman of rare abilities, was my chief object, knowing the intrigues and wily snares which are often put into operation, particularly in a city. However, in 1840, this care had been taken from me, as she married a good mechanic of my trade. Previous to her marriage, and after it, I could have got handsomely married. On one occasion the young woman

had yearly money left her. She wished to come to America, and sell out her property, but she only wanted to take me from my dear mother, as, when I proposed to bring my mother with me, she was not satisfied, which ended any future correspondence upon this subject.

In 1841, we were obliged to change our residence to the wish of my employer. The locality was lonesome; and my being then a temperate man, I felt rather lonesome. In my leisure hours, having a good taste for music, I thought I could not employ my time better than learn to perform on an instrument. I purchased one, and in due time became perfect master of it. I had now seen the great comfort of being a temperate man; but though I used once in a time to take a day or two on what is called a "spree," still I never got into that awful position from drink which I did in this country and in the States. Hence it is that the weak man is frail as the sparks that fly upwards. When in my sober retired moments, no man could see more clearly into the awful dangers of intemperance; but I always came to this conclusion, that man has a weak reservoir; if not, why is he so easily led on to take that bitter cup which he knows is his own destruction and that of his family? I do firmly believe that more than two-thirds of the rising generation are more or less addicted to drink. Look, for instance, to the calendar of the prisons, or ask the unfortunate prisoners what caused them to do one crime with another? and I well know the answer the inquirer will get.

All through my life I never remember getting into any one trouble; unless while labouring under the influence of the accursed draught. Hence, my good people, whoever may read this pamphlet, and weigh in their minds well the true words of a condemned criminal, they may find in it a lesson of instruction. A child may be well brought up, get good moral breeding or education, have good and pious parents, and still this child may stray away from the paths laid down to him, and from his intemperate and passionate nature may procure for himself an untimely end.

In the year 1843 my brother and I lived happily together, my mother keeping house for us. I was not determined to get

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married until after mother's death, however matters appear otherwise; but man very often enters into this union without perhaps giving it due consideration, which tends in general for a man's happiness or destruction. When either sex intend to join the holy union of matrimony, I would advise them to remain single all their life, if they are not sure that their intended partner was not of temperate habits, intemperance being the leading artery to all other crimes and vices; it is to them a matter of deep consideration. June 10, 1843, I was introduced to my deceased wife; she spent the evening in the house where I lived. Having a wish to hear me perform some airs on my musical instrument, I did so. My mother seemed to like her new acquaintance much, as my wife had a very engaging manner, and had some time after introduced to me my wife's sentiments; I paid no particular attention to this, as I felt quite comfortable in my present situation. A little time elapsed, and as mother and my wife seemed to be much attached to one another—the old woman advising me in matters as she thought beneficial to my welfare—I became much attached to my wife; but not so much before marriage as I was after. We were married on the 7th day of August, 1843, in George's Church, Dublin. My wife was a Protestant. In fact I was not much of any thing in respect to religion. We were married in the Church of England: this marriage I never changed, although it is usual where the parties differ in religion to have the ceremony performed by their respective clergy. Some time elapsed, and my wife proposed herself to me to become a Roman Catholic. After asking her some questions, she stated her parents were Roman Catholics; that her real name was Ellen Keyley; that her parents died when she was young; a lady had her put into the Orphan School at Dublin, and her name there was changed to Ellen Ross. She lived with this lady fourteen years. She was twenty-eight years of age when we were married: this is her own statement. She had £50 in the Bank of Ireland, left as a small fortune by her deceased mistress. She had many things suitable for housekeeping. We lived happy indeed, each loving one another.

In January, 1844, having made up a stock of good work myself, I commenced my trade on as large a scale as my means

would allow me, and opened shop for myself in Boulton Street. Here I soon was noticed, having had a good knowledge of my business, and was able to employ some good hands to work. My business seemed to get along well; but when folks are doing well they do not appreciate it. It was here I first found my wife was really fond of drink, although seeing slight instances from first I knew her, I thought it might not be of any great matter. I have not the slightest doubt had I restrained the woman from drink, and that I myself was a sober man, that she at least would not be anything like what she was, as in this case I shall shew proof when I did not take drink I never knew her to take it, but as soon as I commenced she commenced also. I never drank at taverns unless a very odd time, and then only moderate; always when drinking kept it in my own house, which gave her an opportunity of helping herself when she wished. We always took an equality of drink, and singular to say seldom indeed that any contention would arise between us, as Satan has good ground-work to play on, where the husband and wife are both intemperate.

On the 7th of June, 1844, she had her first child, a girl, which I allowed to be named after the lady she had lived with. Mother then saw to our affairs in the way of domestic matters, and never allowed my wife to wash or do anything she was not accustomed to do, although she did not at this time reside with us. When a man is getting along well in this life, so far as he seems comfortable, he will have many visitors, but when on the reverse side, he is down, down with him (so much for this world), as it was the case with me. A young man should not only value his money, but his precious time; and he who does not do so will find his mistake perhaps when it is too late.

In 1846 I changed my residence to Great Britain Street, this being a better locality for the sale of work. My brother got married, and proceeded to Boston, United States, America. Mother then lived with me, and in reality they were much noticed by many, for each of those persons were so united and agreeable together. We were then styled the happy family. In this year it pleased my God to increase my family by sending me a son. We were going on well; I was temperate now and industrious, but it pleased the Lord to visit the land with

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a failure of the crops; the working classes had not means of purchasing new boots or shoes, they were in a great measure obliged to buy of second hand stores. This gave me of course a concern, having a young family to look to; and seeing in the newspapers every day bankrupt men with high capital, and trade failing, I considered it high time for to look out. However, having acquainted my wife, I determined to go and live at Liverpool, as I knew it well. She was perfectly satisfied; she never would obstruct a man in doing what he considered for his benefit. Having sold some of my furniture, and making arrangements for mother's comfort, as her daughter, who was in good circumstances, was only happy to have her, and her husband too. After spending one week with them, as mother would not cross the deep waters any more, although it was our wish, we sailed for Liverpool June 29th, 1847. After remaining here three weeks in a boarding house under heavy expenses I endeavoured to get a place to carry on my trade; but you cannot get a house unless you give money in hand, which is termed good-will money. I knew if business would not do well with me here I had no alternative only to put up with the loss. Having had my stock of trade, boots, shoes, lasts and trees, I determined to sell them and go to America. My wife was well satisfied at the decision I came to. Having disposed of all to the Boss whom I worked for twelve years ago in Liverpool, I brought my wife down and the Boss paid her, as I never drew my wages from any Boss, but let my wife do the best she could with it.

On the 21st of July, 1847, we sailed from Liverpool, in the ship *Virgilla*, commanded by Capt. Barr. We had 300 passengers on board. I took my berth for my little family in the second cabin. I made sure not to stint myself in provisions, knowing the great uncertainty of time on a passage. I had provisions to sell when many creatures were obliged to buy at any price, and many of them with little means. What I sold they had for what I paid for them myself, and some I gave without pay. We had a good, but long passage. All went on well with one exception. On the 4th September, at five o'clock in the morning, we were all aroused from our berths with a tremendous crash. The second mate who had charge of the

watch on deck not doing his duty in ordering the canvas to be taken in the ship was dashed on her side, and remained so for six minutes. Here there was dreadful confusion, the strongest man was seen to tremble and run on deck. I took my girl in my arms; the mother, the boy. Said I, without moving from my berth, if she goes down we will go down together; but the Lord soon calmed the great angry sea, and the ship was made right. A respectable woman in the opposite berth to me was immediately confined and delivered of a son; they both died, and I saw them thrown down into the deep sea the following morning. We had nine more who shared the same fate. It was indeed a melancholy sight to see; but they were principally children. We got on well then, and arrived at quarantine or Grosse Isle. My boy, fifteen months old, had declined very much during the voyage; my girl, three years and three months old, was well until a few days previous to landing. The Captain appointed me as overseer of the second cabin, to see it kept in clean and good order, for which he sent his own gig or boat on shore with my family when landing at Grosse Isle. When we landed on this barren and pestilential island both my children were sick. I looked around me, and as there was only sheds for the emigrants and one store, I went to the latter, purchased what I thought most essential, and made ourselves as happy as we could under such trying circumstances. There was great numbers dying; indeed every one had sorrow depicted in their countenance for the loss of their relatives.

We were five days on this solitary island, and here was misery to be seen in the extreme; whole families carried before their just God in the space of three days, to render an account of the deeds done in this miserable life. On the 25th September orders came for all passengers who belonged to the "Virgilla," which was the ship we came in, to proceed on their passage to Montreal. Here was the heart-rending scene! Parents obliged to leave their offspring behind them, and children obliged to leave their dear parents. As this was the case with me, I well remember the feelings I had in being obliged to leave behind me my little favorite girl, who had been in hospital three days with little hopes of her recovery; on hearing of the sudden route I went direct to Doctor Douglas, who

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was head physician on the Island, respecting my child; he gave me liberty to see her, and said if she recovered she would be taken good care of and sent to me in any part of the Province I would be in, when the Navigation would open in the Spring. I shall never forget how I felt to leave this child; she was my first, and was my favorite; although my son resembled me much more, this little one I was much attached to, and the loss of her often caused me to drink after coming to Canada. My wife having the boy ill on her breast could do nothing, so I did what I could to restrain my feelings from her, as she felt of course bad enough. On the 26th we landed in Montreal; after doing what was right, I went to look for work, the winter season being about to set in, Montreal is one of the worst places in Canada for a boot maker, either to get work or wages. I was offered work, but finding my employment would not be permanent through the winter, and wages not so good as I had in Dublin; you may suppose I found a great disappointment—it would be so if all the Canadas was like it. Having seen some shopmates, they advised me to go up higher in the country as wages were far better, which is the case; having acquainted my wife, she thought I was right in doing so; the leaving of the little girl, to me was a matter of deep regret, but finding on inquiry that all children recovering was sent up there and put into schools, well cared until their parents would claim them—this soothed me a little, and I prepared to go to Kingston. At this time the channel was repairing, and the Steamboats came no nigher than Lachine, a poor French village, situate eight miles from Montreal; when we got here it was dark night, the wind blowing N. E. I made application to get a place to stop in—no! was the answer; for love or money they would not let inside their doors an Emigrant. In one case they were not blameable, they had suffered very much from sickness that year; the Sheds were all crowded, so that we were obliged to make our bed and lie down in an open one exposed to the chilly blast of the night air; on the following morning my wife found her baby dead by her side. I went to the joiner's to get a coffin and have him interred, but this man was on a drinking spree; there was only one in the village who made coffins; having found him and knowing me to be a tradesman he made me one, and at

two o'clock we mustered a funeral party, principally from the ship we came in, and had the child interred.

We sailed for Kingston—my wife was very ill—the loss of her child from her breast caused her much pain. It was Sabbath Day when we landed in Kingston, and all Stores closed. I applied to be accommodated, but finding her ill they were much afraid of fever, and we were obliged to do the best we could; numbers was taken to the hospital from our ship; I did the best I could for her, and thinking she might be better next day would not let her go to the hospital, until she was obliged to do so by orders of the Board of Health. After she went I became almost delirious, in a strange country, far from those who would give me kind consolation. Having put my bed under her going, as the roads was very rough—which bed I never saw after—I was obliged to seek a lodging, which I obtained after having to state that I had come over from the States; next day I went to see her, she was poorly indeed. I took a little drink, and carried some to her and her nurse; having stopped some time in the hospital, I became over-excited, not from the quantity of liquor I took, more from fret of mind than anything else. Doctor Robison, a good man, who was present, sent me for protection with his orderly to the Station House, but ordered me not to be locked up, but kept warm at the stove; this good man being also the magistrate ordered me early in the morning to be discharged. I went to work immediately, but soon found I was a fit patient for the hospital myself. I worked until Saturday, when I was obliged to give up and go to my bed; on Sunday found very bad, went to Church and from thence to the hospital, taking what I thought with me that my wife required. I found her improving, but I was badly ill; the Doctor met me on my way to the city, and told me I was very ill, to return and go into No. 1 Ward with his directions. I did so; for four days and nights I had a bad opinion of myself; a friend from Dublin who then was steward in the hospital rendered me every possible care and attention, he being one of my own trade; from good care and two glasses of wine in the day allowed me, I was able to walk round in ten days; my wife was now able to come and see me. The Government and the Board of Health

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of Kingston deserves the highest praise and reward for the very kind and humane comfort and attendance provided in this hospital for the relief of the inmates of this noble Institution by them. At this time there was five a day dying on an average; before I was very strong I got a good job of work—allowed a furnished room, good rations, and a quart of the best grog in the day, besides good wages. After I got through with the long winter boots, I went to master on a slight scale for myself. I could have had plenty of work and good pay from Stores, but my way was more profitable. I lived in Kingston eight months, and could do well there if we only let grog be still.

As soon as the Navigation opened I wrote after my child to Doctor Douglas, had my letters signed by Doctor Harvey. I received answers, but not to my satisfaction, as it only stated that any child who lived, was sent to Montreal and placed in a school; a friend on one of the boats trading there made all possible inquiry about her—no trace whatever, only she died at Grosse Isle. No statement being kept here apparently, I was determined to go and see after her myself. Patrick's Day I got very high, and was sent by the same Doctor Robison again to the Station House, but he soon liberated me in the morning. Men oftentimes, and women too, take drink to kill grief, but I really believe it adds more to it than it diminishes it. My wife at this time was very much in the habit of using to excess this deadly draught. A friend and shopmate of mine informed me to keep a close eye on her, as he knew a man who had a bad character and where she was accustomed to visit; the man told me no more, but left for myself to judge; some time after I watched her movements and asked her quietly on this matter, she confessed her guilt; I proposed to her a divorcement then, and on two other occasions since, but she never would admit of this at all.

June the 1st, 1848, we sailed on board the "Caledonian," Capt. Kelly, for Montreal, to seek after my child, which I thought there was no fear but I should find some trace of her. It was dark and raining when we got to Montreal. I left my wife aboard and went direct to see after the children, as the mate of the Caledonia told me I might remain

on board that night, it being dark and raining. After making inquiry first at the Grey nunnery, as those ladies used to take charge of those children, I was informed I was too late there, but would get every information in the morning. Next morning I went to three different nunneries, looked at all the little children, but no trace of the child in any way that I was seeking. I perused the names and deaths over and over, had a long conversation with the head lady. I went to two Protestant schools where children was also provided for in the same way. No trace left for me, my last and only recourse was a lady, a clergyman's wife, who looked to such children's welfare, she presented me with a printed list, the number of children received that year and the ships they belonged to. This left me with a troubled heart, and walking through the scorching sun all day, I got weak, went to a house, had only a drink of water, although having plenty of money. I never tasted strong drink until I returned with the news to my wife; we now gave up all hopes, and sailed in the morning for Champlain. We took the cars for St. Johns, after arriving, (18 miles) torrents of rain falling, we were obliged to remain in the station four hours, for when it rains there, it pours. When it ceased we went and got refreshment and boarding house. I got work, but it was of inferior quality to what I was accustomed to make: I would have gone then to the States only I wished to write again about the child, which I did, but received no answer. Where we boarded was a tavern, a great resort of soldiers, which did not answer me. One day while drinking, and going into my bed-room, found two soldiers of the 71st Regiment there; my wife was in bed drunk, here a scuffle ensued, but they were soon away, knowing I would have them punished; however I corrected her.

My Boss, an Englishman, finding me to suit him for the officers work, which by this time he had given me, fitted up a room in his own house, knowing, while we were, there was temptation. For him I worked twelve months, we drank considerable, but still was able to save money. My brother being in Boston, I made up my mind to go to him, and in June, 1849, sailed for that city. After having had a good share of trying circumstances in British America, in landing in Boston

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I was much disappointed, in finding my only brother then living returned to the city of Dublin, and he died six months after his return. A young man who had finished his time with me in Dublin was the only one I knew there. At any time a friend in any of the States of the Union is better to a stranger than money, as they won't see you imposed on by Yankee trickery, which is much practised, particularly in Massachusetts. Having got plenty of good work and pay—we worked together, after having a good farewell glass—we worked steady both, and no drinking until the month of October, we had considerable money saved, as I knew I would require it soon. My wife was confined, but rather suddenly; she went to the yard to put clothes out to dry, according to her statement, and having slipped from what she stood on, fell down; she told me nothing of this at the time, but the following morning I found it necessary to call in the doctor. He remained all day with her, and at 10 o'clock at night delivered her of two fine babies, boy and girl. Up to this I had good hopes, that by having my children it would settle us down in some place, but it pleased Almighty God otherwise. It appeared to me there was some mismanagement either with Dr. O'Donnell or herself or else the children would be living, as she told me they were alive two hours after I brought him to see her. I had both brandy and wine in my workshop, in the house I lived in, to give those persons about her what is usual in such cases. I took them bottles up three times the day I interred my children for the purpose of drinking, and although being much put about I considered my own weakness, and I laid them back without tasting. If I did this through life I would be a very different man to-day. She was confined to her room three weeks, after this being very ill I procured everything necessary for her comfort; as soon as she was able to attend to her domestic duties she did so, I was still temperate, but not long after, coming from shop wet all over and under with snow, I found a person in my room, a female, who I well knew would show her no good pattern. I went to the tavern, drank some that night, had no words. I remained drinking in my room for a considerable time accompanied by her. I became so ill from the effects of drink that it was found necessary to bring the Doctor and Clergy. From this spree I got into delirium tremens, of

the very worst description, as having had them twice since, I could judge them to be so; those who have had the misfortune to have them only knows of the awful horrors of delirium. I should be very sorry to see even an animal in such a dangerous position. My wife at this time drank heavy too; and to make matters worse with me, stopped out from her home and came in at unusual hours drunk; on one or two occasions stopped out all night. I was not very bad in my insanity then, until some time after. On stating she was at a friends house, I made enquiry but found it to be a falsehood. On one occasion, some time after, my desire was to go to the bench to work, which I did, after spending, between two of us, 63 dollars. I had purchased all a tradesman furniture; he was going to California, and I got a bargain of them.

My head continued bad, and daily got worse; on one occasion, when bad, two men came to see me, I always considered them good friends, but in those horrors you will think your best friend your greatest enemy; so frightened was I that, those men came to kill me, I leaped out of bed, put on one boot, one stocking, no hat nor coat, and ran for considerable distance; when I found the most conspicuous place, some folks put a hat and boot on me. I went home, had money, cared little for drink at first. A few days after she gave me money and a bottle, it was on Sabbath day, to go for drink; I thought she was going to poison me then, and I ran to the church, left the bottle outside, and entered it during divine service. That day in the evening, as I used generally to get better at the close of the day, I went to a constable told him my wife had men to kill me, and she was going to poison me, to take care of me and not let me be killed. He kept me all night. She came to me with refreshment, and amongst the rest some gin. I refused all as I considered there were poison in them. The next day he brought me home, instead of keeping me, knowing I was really out of my mind and real insane. I was eight days bad this time. My wife took me out in the evening to walk, thinking it would do me good, but every one I met I thought was going to kill me; some appeared with deadly weapons; some coloured men I met, all seemed to be after me with intention to kill me. It was now dark and as

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we had a bridge to cross to South Boston where our residence was, I would not go over the bridge for fear those men on it would throw me in the water; two watchman came up, finding my wife pressing me home, and I determined not to cross the bridge. They were taking me to the station-house—I, thinking those were the men sent to kill me—lay down, so as they were obliged to drag me; I screamed, and one of them raised his crook, struck me a severe blow over the right temple, cutting my cap and skull through; I bled profusely; my wife was looking at all this, and cried out were they going to kill him. She remained with me all night, and at 4 o'clock in the morning they discharged us, knowing if the case had been fully stated before the authorities those monsters in human shape would be punished. A large hollow remains in the right side of my skull since, my head from this blow has never been good since, as my memory is very bad, and when I took but little drink, I found ever since that this blow affected the brain; of this I had proofs enough myself, and my wife too. After this affair I became much worse, and in four days after I ran to a neighbour's house,—I thought she had gone for some one to kill me—I remained an hour, and drank a little brandy, given by my friend. On my return I found her out, the house left open, and taking a rest, if so I could call it, in my bed-room, until evening; when she returned she had a woman with her who I considered to be an improper person, some words fell from both, although she was not a woman to give a man sauce, she was quite the reverse; in that way, however, assaulted her, it was but slight, the person present interfered, and I was arrested, and got a short confinement, although she stated to the magistrate that I was insane and out of my mind. We corresponded, she came to see me, and when I came out we lived together, never having the slightest antipathy against her. She had every right to have me put under restriction before, knowing that I was in a very bad way. I met this woman with as much feeling of good nature when I saw her as if there was never anything between us; she received me the same.

I had now got a lesson not easy to be forgotten—all by intemperance—for no man could have loved a woman better nor kinder than I did her, and even to this day I do confess, even

under my present trying and afflicting circumstances, I do now revere her very bones in the grave. For the remainder of my time in the States, until the day I left Boston, I did not taste any kind of drink. We saved a deal of money—although I have seen her many times the worse of liquor, it was the only time she had taken it when I did not since I knew her. As I had my mind made up from first that British law was better by far than that of Yankee law, which many a time, by stating so publicly in Boston, I gained their displeasure, as they don't want a British subject to side with the British government, as I found I could get along well in Canada if we only kept from drink. I determined to return and live comfortable in the Upper Province. With this intention I prepared for my departure, paying our fares through in Boston for Toronto, in stopping at Albany I found they weighed our baggage there, and after paying their demand in Boston all through I was charged 2 dollars 87 cents extra. As they found me pretty smart for them they sent my baggage wrong in the Buffalo train which should have been in the Rochester one. Here I was detained four days, but being accustomed to see so much Yankee petty tricks I soon found way to have me made right and my baggage too. When a man is going into the States he is treated as kind as you would treat a friend in the drawing-room, but as soon as they find you are going, as they term it, under the lash of the British government, they will use their utmost skill to delay you, and take the last dollar from you if they can. If a man wants to live quiet there he will have to condemn British law and government and side with theirs. I could not do it, nor did not. Having made all things right, we arrived in Toronto on the 9th September, 1852. We stopped at Flanigan's hotel, Colborne-street, until such times as we were able to get a furnished room. I worked in two days after coming in to Toronto. From my first arrival in this city there appeared to me something mysterious over which I appeared to have no controul. My wife, with me, worked and lived together without quarreling, although we used to use a quantity of drink, we used in a great measure to attend to our work, as she assisted me, being a boot-binder. Being in furnished lodgings, I bought furniture and took a place for ourselves. We got along well until in March, 1854, when we got on a drinking tack, and finding that she was much given to

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company of not sober habits, I determined to go back to the States, seeing we were making no good progress here. She brought in a friend of her own, I sold out my things, and gave her directions to employ a carter who she knew to take our baggage down the following morning and put them on board the Rochester boat, having stopped to take leave of some friends, and of course a glass parting. I went on board here, not minding to see I was in the boat I intended to go by. When we got as far as Niagara the purser came for his fare; I found either through my wife or that of her friend the carter that I was going to Lewiston, and on board that boat she stated, when asked by me, she gave the man orders to put them on board the Rochester boat. However, like many other things, I took it well, and when we landed at Lewiston it was snowing hard, and I seeing it to appear such a miserable looking place, that I would not look for work in it. Having got my baggage put into store, we got a place to stop in, I sent her to buy some beefsteak for dinner, but she remaining long beyond the time she should be, I went in search of her. After some looking round a respectable man addressed me to know was I looking for my wife,—he had seen us together in the morning. He brought me upon a hayloft, the stable joining the hotel, I here found my wife lying drunk, her bonnet off, &c. &c. There were two or three persons underneath where the horses was kept, being assisted by this man who informed me of her, to raise her up she was able to recognize me; there was no use of asking her questions exactly then, as she was under the influence of strong liquor. I brought her to her quarters, where we remained until the next day, when we again went on board the same boat and returned to Toronto. Having asked her respecting her conduct the former day, she told me, I believe the truth, but it is not fit for inserting. Having arrived in Toronto—after spending better than six dollars on a wild goose chase, besides it kept snowing on us still—we went to a boarding house, where we remained a week. We then took furnished lodgings again, I went to work for my former Boss; the lodgings we got into was one which I not like, as the folks was drinking, cursing, and fighting all the time. Not being working to home, as I worked in the shop I did not see so much of this bad example carried on as my wife, however she took the apartments, and we were obliged to put

up with it until I would be able to earn more money to get furniture.

From March until the middle of July I drank no grog; neither did my wife to my knowledge. Having the means of getting furniture I bought some, and took part of a small house. With what things I now had we would I thought get along well for a time, until we would come into the City for the Winter, as the locality which I now moved to was too far from my work, being situated in Simcoe Street, which house I moved to on the 11th July. As I was working hard I generally took a glass of beer; but as soon as I got into my new apartments I drank porter, my wife taking the same. From being sick from an overplus of porter, and having no appetite for eating, she prevailed on me to try some brandy; after some time I consented, and then I only worked in my shop one week out of the three which I lived in my new abode. She of course partook of the deadly beverage I would say even oftener than I did. As finding my head bad, I was rather cautious at first to dip too deep. I was retired as usual, keeping in my own house; I think for two weeks I had been only out of it three times; the two latter times I found my head was getting bad. The last time she was out with me, although we generally went together, I thought those men whom I met seemed to be watching me, and I was very anxious to get home. When I formerly drank she always attended me, very cordially getting and preparing anything I would fancy, but on this occasion it was the reverse, as she had been out of her own house both day and night on two or three occasions, and when asked by me why she did so, she did not wish me to see her so high with liquor. This of course had an effect upon my mind, and made me feel much worse. We quarrelled none, as it is evident from the testimony given by Mitchell and his wife, who lived on the one floor, and under the same roof with us; the fact is I always endeavoured to conceal this woman's faults as much as I possibly could, having within me a proud spirit; and as folks nowadays will try to take every advantage for their own benefit if they are allowed to pry into family matters. The week previous to her death I am informed that a Mr. Young waited on a clergyman to come and see me; as the cholera was now bad

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in the City, his time being much occupied with his penitents, he deferred it for a time.

A week previous to this sad occurrence I had pretty much an idea of not going to work until my month would be up, and then move into the City, as I would then be near my work. And I then considered that where I lived did not seem to me to be a very lucky nor fortunate house for me.

With respect to the great main object of my having to write this small history of my life, and of course which one day will go before the eye of the public, what I have stated to you you may rest assured to be founded on fact. A man placed in my situation, and condemned by the law of the land to the awful and miserable death to be hanged on the 4th day of December, 1854. You, my reader of this small work, may very easily see and know that a being made to the image and likeness of Almighty God, having nothing to expect in this miserable and deceitful world, he will not put his pen to paper, nor express from those lips which will shortly be closed by death, a lie in any shape or form; for my part, my friends, I am perfectly reconciled to my just God, and fate; and if I can only save my poor afflicted soul by a sincere repentance, it is no matter what becomes of the reservoir or body. I request of all who may read this that they pray for my soul.

My confession of the crime which I am sentenced to die for. I call on that just God, by whom I will shortly be judged, and to whom I must render a strict account for the sins committed by me during my life; I call on that blessed Lord to witness the truth of my confession, as far as I am able to bring to my memory, concerning the death of my wife.

CONFESSION.—The week previous to her death, as far as I can remember, she looked a kind of wild, and did not keep herself as clean or tidy as she used to do. Her absence from her home on two or three occasions gave me reason for thinking that she seemed a kind of careless in her person. On one occasion she had returned to her house, being out all day—I sat reading; missing her from home from the morning, I asked

her where she had been, she told me she had been at the Hospital, that she found herself feel bad, that she made application at the Hospital to get in; that the Doctor told her the Hospital was full, as the cholera was pretty bad; he told her she might go into the sheds if she wished; but, said she, I would sooner be to home; she appeared to me perfectly sober; she went for some drink, which we partook of. The greatest part of this week I cannot in any way bring to mind how we spent it, although I am aware I had often taken a deal more drink in less space of time than on this occasion; but I find the brain had in a great degree lost its usual faculties, as I never remember being so stupid with regard to my memory when I had delerium tremens before, when they were gone from me I could nearly account for everything while in them, but on this melancholy occasion all my endeavours have been in vain in trying to bring to mind the cause of my wife's death. On Saturday, July 30, in the evening of that day, she and I went out in the evening; she brought me to a tavern where she got some drink in a jar, and carried home with her. It was dark on our return, and as I had seen some men on my way I thought they were watching me, I wished to be at home quick, she took my arm, and we got to our unfortunate home. When we came in I poured a glass out, took it, and she did the same. I sat on a chair near the table, I think, but am not sure. She filled out after a short time more drink, this portion I do not remember taking. Whether she cooked any supper or no, I know not; at what time I went to bed I know not; whether I drank any more of what she brought in I know not; but one thing appears from the testimony of Mitchell and his wife there were no angry words. It was always customary with me when in liquor to waken up some time in the night to look for more drink, but on this solemn occasion I did not, nor did I awake from my sleep until close to two o'clock on the day of her death. The next day when I awoke I looked round the room; I had my clothes on, even my boots; I saw no signs of her being in bed, I went then into the kitchen, and here I found my wife lying a little to the right hand side of the kitchen door, and the door half open. You may well suppose how I felt; I can scarcely tell myself now how I felt. I ran to her, raised her in my arms either once or twice, I found she was dead, whether she was

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cold or not I don't know; where she had the wounds, unless what I heard, I don't know; how the razor lay, or in what position, I don't know; whether she had a cap on, or not I don't know; what dress she had on I don't know; one thing I observed she lay in a crooked position. I remember seeing blood, but don't know how much. I am positive of never seeing her move a muscle, leg or arm, nor change a word with me from taking the first glass of grog the night before. I ran after laying her out of my arms, that is when I raised her to see if she was dead, I had only to turn out of my door and in to Mitchell's living on the one floor. I told him to come in with me, that my wife was after cutting her throat; his wife accompanied him. I ran to the opposite fence and called Mr. Young, who also came; a number of persons soon collected. My hands it appears had blood on, and some small traces of blood on my clothes. It appears, when asked, I told them I got the blood on when raising her up. Another asked how did it occur to her, that I stated she had done a bad job or deed for herself. After sometime the Sergeant of Police came and arrested me.

There appears to me a something in the death of my wife most singular—most mysterious to me. In the first place, had I been the person who actually committed the murder, I think there would be some, even slight, remembrance of my going to the table drawer where I always kept my razor; this razor I always kept in a case. Had there been any premeditation on my mind to take her life, then I would not for a moment suppose, but while labouring under insanity of mind I might commit the foul deed, but such was not the case, I thank my God. In the next place, it was Sabbath day, at the hour of two o'clock, when every one about and every thing was quiet, and still living on the same floor and under the same roof with another family, how this woman could be murdered without no noise, no word, no moving of her person to the door of the kitchen; this all has been given in testimony by Mitchell and his wife, who was my landlord and lived in the adjoining two apartments of our house. It appeared, according to the Doctor's evidence, that the body was removed from the bedroom to that of the kitchen, where I first found her. Now, how, in the name of common sense, could all this be carried into effect

without the knowledge of Mitchell or his wife, where there was only a single partition dividing the two families, besides the press which is in the kitchen had not been finished, as it wanted side boards, which always gave me an opportunity of hearing any words pass in my neighbour's apartments. I shall leave the reader to judge for themselves. God is the best judge. The next day I was brought to the Inquest, full of horrors, they seemed to increase within me when I found she was interred. I should have wished in my heart to have seen her. After all had been over, Dr. King states I said I thanked him and the jury for returning a just verdict. If the learned Doctor had not considered me laboring under delirium tremens, why did he order me brandy twice? If this statement had been made, it appears to me that it was highly wrong to take cognizance of what any man said labouring under my great affliction of mind. Such words I had no intention of stating, nor could I have done so with justice to myself. Having been removed from whence I came, that is the Jail, although being put in the same part of the prison as I was in before I went out to the Inquest. I thought I was then in an hospital, that my wife was not dead, that the door of my house was opened and a woman shoved in from the hospital with blood on her, and my not seeing her at the Coroner's Inquest, which appeared singular to me, as all persons charged as I was generally is brought to view the victim. Those ideas lasted with me for about four days or better, but I soon found it to be the reverse. I remained of course until the 16th of October. I was then arraigned. As my Counsel had some inquiry to make, my trial did not come on until the 20th. Having been informed there was a religious or bigoted feeling against me for my wife turning Roman Catholic with me, I was recommended to challenge my jury, but as I left her to her own free will I left them also to theirs, without a challenge.

Up to the time of seeing the jury empanelled, I had every hope of being acquitted, after that I knew I would be found guilty. I was not disappointed in the least, although Mr. Dempsey addressed the Jury in a very able and talented manner on the part of the prisoner. I received the verdict with as much good will of heart to my fellow man as I did my sentence.

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I would have been obliged to stand my trial without a lawyer, only for the fatherly kindness of Mr. Allen, the Governor of the Prison; as my things and furniture remained under the control of Dr. King and Constable McCaffrey; having no relatives to see to them they could not be disposed of. I made application to Dr. King about them. I sent for some things which would be very essential to me; a small portion was sent, and the rest I was informed by Mitchell I could not get until after my trial, that Dr. King gave orders to that effect. Now there was only one month's rent due; I had the money to pay that. I had a person to buy and pay for my effects, but up to the last those good people Mitchells' detained even my clothes, which I needed much.

On the 4th of November I received my sentence. I was removed from whence I came and of course placed within the precincts of a lonely cell. Here, my friends, you are shut out from the busy world and left to commune with your God. When a condemned criminal has his mind and heart fixed steadily and puts his confidence in his Divine Master, he cares little for the light-winged joys of a wicked world. In this solitary position I find great happiness of mind—first, because of my innocence of the crime charged with, so far as I can recollect; secondly, the fatherly and humane kindness of the Governor of the Prison, Mr. Allen; and thirdly, the gratitude and civility of the officers of the prison towards me; the Governor, Mr. Allan, is indeed kind and good to me.

Having called my God to witness the truth of the foregoing statement in the commencement of my confession, I call Him to witness the same now, as far as I can remember it.

I am daily attended by my Rev. friend, T. Fitzhenry, Pastor St. Paul's Church. This meek and humble servant of his Divine Master has given me much consolation; so much so, that all my human efforts and energies shall be to try and make my soul reconciled to its good Master from whom I received it, and who will I hope receive it again.

Farewell, farewell! American land,
No more shall I thee behold;
My bosom friends—all, all I leave—
My sunny heart 's near cold.

Far from the scenes of infancy
 Tho' distant I did roam,
 Fond memory loves to linger still
 On my God's Celestial home.

'Tis sweet to think on days gone by,
 Altho' they leave to me regret,
 When I pause upon the light-winged joys
 I never can forget.
 Tho' distant in this fertile land,
 And far from home did roam,
 My heart still fondly clings to thee,
 My God's Celestial home.

I stood on yonder slippery trap,
 A tear-drop filled mine eye—
 I took a farewell glance of friends,
 And strangers standing by;
 I stood upon this deadly trap—
 I saw the waters foam—
 I thought of nothing on this Earth
 But my God's Celestial home.

KENOE.

As it is my intention to address the people congregated together to witness the awful scene of my execution, that is, God willing, and that my strength do not fail me. However, I shall here address a few words to both my older and younger brethren. You, who have read the short history of my life, must admit that intemperance has been the leading artery to all my unhappiness and misfortunes; to add to this calamity, I joined in marriage with a woman addicted to the same. You have here before you an example, not to be followed, but to be seriously looked into; and had I the opportunity now afforded you of seeing a man or reading of him, bringing himself down to the lowest state of degradation, I firmly believe it would be a great means of doing much good towards me. It is for this reason, and for this reason only, that I write this short volume, hoping and trusting in my God that some poor soul will benefit by it; if it be so, my reward will be paid me, for perhaps at a future period, when my body will be consigned to the dust, and when there will be no tomb-stone to mark my grave, you may remember some of my words—that is, observe above all, tem-

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perate habits, and never marry out of your own religion. To the young classes of persons, I would strongly advise them to be kind, mannerly, affectionate, and good to their parents; for remember, you will never know what those people have done or suffered for you, until you have children of your own; you will then see your deficiency towards them; and remember, my friends, the words of our blessed Lord, that is, Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

To my elder friends I would address a few words. Seeing this world is so changeable, so deceitful, so bigoted, one man standing up against another for worshipping his God according to the dictates of his own mind and conscience. There is nothing in the human race so absurd as this. Love your neighbour, no matter what his religion may be, and direct your children to do so; for the man who is bigotted in his heart against his fellow man for differing in opinion of religion, is a bad man, and the truth is not in him. It is no wonder, indeed, that the Lord has oftentimes sent pestilence and famine where such work is carried on. From my childhood to the present I was always considered a liberal man, and I would advise every one to be so, and to act so. Send your children to the place of worship to which you belong, and to give them no bad example; for, rest assured of it, they will find out this time enough, and see that they are learned and instructed both in learning and religion.

I am very sorry to find in the United States of America and here in Canada, that the rising generation are becoming more wicked, more intemperate, and less inclined to be religious. If you do not imprint or try to instil into those young minds something of morality or religious feelings, what will they be when they grow up? They will be, as I have often seen boys, ah yes! and even girls, to stand in the street, dare their parents to correct or even check them; but the fault lay here, in a great measure the rod was not bent when the real sap was in it. In the City of Toronto you will find just the same thing. Many times have I stood in amazement, and many a long consideration have I given it—what was to become of the parents

when they go before their God for their ill example, bad advice, and for not correcting them when they were in a proper position to receive it.

I beg, my dear friends, you will weigh this simple subject well, and put it into operation without delay, and it may be the means of saving your child from a death such as your humble friend who addresses you has got.

I remain, my good people of all colours, creeds, and sex, your obedient friend,

MARTIN RICHARD KEHOE.

A man born of a woman liveth but a short time, and his troubles are many. In viewing life, as I have in my retired cell, I have come to this conclusion, that there exists a destiny for man in marriage, and I proposed divorcements on three or four occasions to my wife; but she would never consent to it. There seems to me to be a chain to which we were both linked, not to be easily separated. Had she accepted my kind proposals, which she well knew, and others too, that I had good grounds to work on by compelling her to consent to it. Hence this strong chain of affection, or something else over which I seemed to have no control, linked us on step by step, until the unhappy event occurred; but hence it is, my friends, they are well kept whom Almighty God keeps. Had this woman been a sober, virtuous person, she would then possess all the qualifications and goodness which adorn the female sex. As she was a woman well inclined, when not drinking, to assist in every way to the interest and comfort of domestic happiness; but when Satan appeared with the essence of grog, all those good qualities disappeared not only in her but in myself. There is one thing for which I attach much blame to myself, that is, in not leaving her long since. This plan being put into operation would have been best for both parties, as she would likely have been living to-day, and I at my liberty. The link being kept moistened by Satan, was not likely to be separated until death had done so. Now see how often, from time to time, have we left off intoxicating liquors, saved consi-

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derably both in purse, health, body, mind, and strength, and, after seeing the great benefit derived from sobriety, returned back again to our former habits. So it is to me as clear as the sun shining at noon-day, that man is destined to go through a certain portion of trials, crosses, and afflictions in this miserable world, and that he cannot escape them but with difficulty. Be watchful, therefore, my friends, and keep your eye and heart fixed on your Almighty God, and you may get over some of them.

No. I.

In my prison hours I felt death's sting.
I thought I heard sweet angels sing
Their lovely praises to their King,
To bring my poor soul on their wing.
Oh happy are they indeed,
Who in this world sow good seed.
When they come to reap it,
They will find that God
Was merciful to them and kind.

How far from His holy ways I fled.
I am now near numbered with the dead.
My sins to me are great grief,
Hence I find in God some great relief.
I will seek for pardon while I can,
And become a new and inward man.
And when I am dead and gone, I pray you
In God to trust and seek his ways.

KEHOE.

No. II.

And if you do, you're sure to find
A God both merciful and kind.
I find His sweetness in my heart,
And from Him now I would not part.
Look up to Him, you'll find him good;
But first look for His heavenly food.
In my lonely cell and lonely hours,
I find on me His blessing pours.

O sinful man, O chastening rod,
 How long have I offended God?
 My hours near come I have to die.
 I hope my soul to God will fly.
 I beg your prayers, my dear, my friends,
 I hope you will yourselves amend,
 Who you are or from whence you come,
 Look up to God and His only Son.

KEHOE.

No. III.

Beware of intemperance, for it's a curse.
 It destroys the soul and empties the purse.
 It fills the prisons, fills the heart with woe,
 It defaces beauty, and will be your overthrow.
 Should you practice taking this soul-destroying draught,
 You will remember my words, or the words of a craft.
 I feel an interest in man because he has to die;
 Look up, then, to your Just God, for to Him you'll have to fly.
 Keep Satan far behind you, for he will make you think
 There is no very great harm in taking a little drink.
 Led on by this great monster,
 You may on me depend, if you will take his tempting.
 He will lead you to an untimely end.
 So now, my friends I leave you;
 I can no longer stay; I wish you all to look to God.
 And for my soul to pray.

KEHOE.

No. IV.

Of all deeds I've done I must repent;
 For the one I have to die I am innocent.
 As far as I remember I do not know
 Of taking the life of Ellen Kehoe.
 My wife to me was good and kind.
 Although she was endu'd with a very weak mind,
 Hence in return to her I was much attached.
 Although from this world she was snatched.
 No man nor woman could more contented be,
 But once in a while we'd go on the spreg,
 We spent our own good money free,
 Which leaves us now in eternity.
 My good friends, I wish you on this to dwell,
 And think of Heaven, Judgment, Death, and Hell.

KEHOE.

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ADDRESS TO THE SPECTATORS, FROM THE SCAFFOLD.

MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CREATURES—

I have been born in England, of Christian and Catholic parents. My father's first care was to have me instructed in the principles of the Catholic religion, and in the sciences suitable to their position and mine of life. The Almighty endowed me in my youth with good dispositions and fair talents, therefore I made great strides in the paths of virtue and the acquirement of ordinary education; was admired by my companions, and beloved by my parents, who consoled themselves with the idea of future happiness on my account, in their old age. Times changing, and other circumstances, led them to the conclusion that it was the surest way for me and the best for them to give me a trade, for which purpose they sent me to Dublin, to learn Boot and Shoe making. I served my time faithfully, and became a great proficient in a short time. I then commenced business for myself and got married, with my mother's approbation, for my father was then dead. My wife was then Protestant, although born of Catholic parents and thus baptised. As soon as she became acquainted with my mother's virtues and my orderly habits she conformed to the Catholic rite, and as a child of imitation. While I was temperate and religious, she was equally so; but when I became indifferent in my religious duties and intemperate, she outstripped me in these vices. We carried on extensive business in Dublin before emigrating to Canada. I was much attached to and loved my wife. I never left her nor forsook her. I brought her from shore to shore, and from city to city, without wishing to replace her by any other woman. Having lost my children in America, their death was a great cause of my intemperance, and although we drank considerable we very seldom had any difference or quarrel. We went always together and generally acquainted each other about what we were going to do. When we came to Toronto from the States I meant to settle down here for the remainder of my life, but there seemed to be a something always from first I

came here to keep me unsettled ; as no sooner I would be going on well, than something or other over which I seemed to have no control would upset me. At last, taking a place for ourselves, being generally in furnished lodgings, I thought we would be more comfortable, but it was the reverse. A fortnight before her death I did not go to work. In the death of this woman there appears a something most mysterious to me, more than ever I will be able to comprehend. I remember but very little of anything for a week before her death. I had been only out of my house three times during the time of my drinking and having delirium tremens. My wife was with me twice. The last time I was out with her was on the Saturday before her death. It was in the evening ; she brought home some liquor with her. On our way home I met some men whom I thought was watching me for no good purpose. After we got home to our unlucky house, I think I took a half a tumbler of spirits ; she took the same. If I had taken so much laudanum I could not have been more stupified nor senseless as I was then. All my memory seems from this time to have left me. I never remember seeing her coming in alive after, nor speaking, nor moving. Whether we drank any more or not that time I cannot remember. What time I went to bed I know not, nor do I remember waking or seeing her in the bedroom, or anywhere until Sunday. It appears it was near two o'clock when I awoke. I had my clothes on even my boots. I came into the kitchen, and there found her lying to the right of the kitchen door, the door half open. You may easier suppose than I can remember how I then felt. I raised her in my arms to see if she was dead ; I found she was. Laying her down again I ran to Mitchell's, who lived in the house with me ; told him my wife had cut her throat, to come in ; he did so. I went to the opposite side, called another person. In a short time some people gathered round, and the police came and I was taken to jail. I was bad in insanity six or seven days in the jail after her death. If I had thought in any way of taking her life when in my senses, and then took drink to take those senses from me, so as that I would commit such a cowardly deed, then I would consider myself just as guilty in the sight of my God and man as if I had done the foul deed in my perfect senses ; but such was not the case I thank my God. It has ever since her death appeared most

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mysterious to me how this woman could either be murdered or take her own life in the middle of the noon and Sabbath day, when every thing and every one was quiet and still, under the same roof and on the same floor with another family, with only a thin partition between us. Here, according to their testimony, there was no words, no noise; and I think there would be some recollection with me left. I cannot say even how she lay, only she was in a crooked position. I don't know the razor lay near her, nor any remembrance of taking the razor from the drawer, nor whether she had a cap on, or what dress she had on. I know not all these things. I have often summoned in my mind, but never could find any trace left me to judge of the sad affair. The inquest, trial, sentence and all seems to have gone against me. I feel happy in my mind. I have spoken the truth from first to last as far as I was able to bring to my conscience and mind touching her death.

Here the unfortunate man handed these manuscripts to Father Fitzhenry, and, mounting the fatal trap, was in a few moments hurried before his Maker, who alone knows his guilt or innocence.

"Rather should ninety-nine guilty men escape, than one innocent man perish."